I was at her houſe the houre ſhe appointed me.

Ford. And ſped you Sir?

Fal. Very ill-fauouredly M. *Broome.*

Ford. How ſo ſir, did ſhe change her determination?

Fal. No (M. *Broome*) but the peaking Curnuto her huſband (M. *Broome*) dwelling in a continnall larum of ielouſie, comes me in the inſtant of our encounter, after wee had embraſt, kiſt, proteſted, and (as it were) ſpoke the prologue of our Comedy: and at his heeles, a rabble of his compani. ons, thither prouoked and inſtigated by his diſtemper, and (forſooth) to ſearch his houſe for his wiues Loue.

Ford. What? While you were there?

Fal. While *I* was there.

Ford. And did he ſearch for you, and could not find you?

Fal. You ſhall heare. As good lucke would haue it, comes in one *Miſt. Page*, giues intelligence of *Fords* approach: and in her inuention, and *Fords* wiues diſtraction, they conuey'd me into a bucke-basket.

Ford. A Buck-basket?

Fal. Yes, a Buck-basket: ram'd mee in with foule Shirts, and Smockes, Socks, foule Stockings, greaſe Napkins, that (Maſter *Broome*) there was the rankeſt compound of villanous ſmell, that euer offended noſtrill.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you ſhall heare (Maſter *Broome*) what *I* haue ſuffered, to bring this woman to euill, for your good: Being thus cram'd in the Basket, a couple of *Fords* knaues, his Hindes, were cald forth by their Miſtris, to carry mee in the name of foule Cloathes to *Datchet lane*; they tooke mee on their ſhoulders met the iealous knaue their Maſter in the doore; who asked them once or twice what they had in their Baſket? I quak'd for feare leſt the Lunatique Knaue would haue ſearch'd it: but Fate (ordaining hee ſhould bee a Cuckold) held his hand: well, on went hee, for a

ſearch and away went I for foule Cloathes; But marke the ſequell (Maſter *Broome*) I ſuffered the pangs of three ſeuerall deaths: Firſt, an intollerable fright, to bee detected with a iealious rotten Bell-weather: Next to bee compaſs'd like a good Bilbo in the circumference of a Pecke, hilt to point, heele to head. And then to bee ſtopt in like a ſtrong diſtillation with ſtinking Cloathes, that fretted in their owne greaſe thinke of that, a man of my Kidney; thinke of that; that am as ſubiect to heate as butter; a man of continuall diſſolution, and thaw: it was a miracle to ſcape ſuffocation. And in the height of this Bath (when I was more then halfe ſtew'd in greaſe (like a Dutch-diſh) to bee throwne into the Thames, and coold, glowing-hot, in that ſerge like a Horſe-ſhoo; thinke of that; hiſſing hot: thinke of that (Maſter *Broome.*)

Ford. In good ſadneſſe Sir, I am ſorry, that for my ſake you haue ſufferd all this.
My ſuite then is deſperate: You'll vndertake her no more?

Fal. Maſter *Broome*; I will bee throwne into *Etna*, as I haue beene into Thames, ere I will leaue her thus: her Husband is this morning gone a Birding, I haue receiued from her another ambaſſie of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the houre (Maſter *Broome.*)

Ford. 'Tis paſt eight already Sir,

Fal. Is it? I will then addreſſe mee to my appointment; Come to mee at your conuenient leaſure, and you ſhall know how *I* ſpeede: and the concluſion ſhall bee crowned with your enioying her: adiew; you ſhall haue her (Maſter *Broome*) Maſter *Broome*, you ſhal cuckold *Ford*.

Ford. Hum: ha? Is this a viſion? Is this a dreame? doe I ſleepe? Maſter *Ford* awake, awake Maſter *Ford*;